

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

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BALANCING LIFE

Pile it up, the sin and shame,
Filt and care and strife;
Count the crooks who play the game
Herd the worst of life
All together in a heap,
Toss the vices in,
Tawdry, shallow men and cheap,
Villains dyed with sin,
Picture all the grief and gloom,
Anguish and despair,
But above it all will loom
Lasting beauties rare.

Cynic, I will match you here
Joys for every woe,
And a smile for every sneer
Proudly will I show.
Show your women false and base
And I'll show to you
Many a sweet and tender face,
Brave and good and true;
'Gainst your heap of what is bad,
Vice and shame and wrong,
I will balance evenings glad,
Glad with mirth and song.

I will bring you faith to cure
All the stings of woe,
Strength and courage to endure
Fate's untempered blow;
For the tawdry men you've found
At life's ragged ends,
I will match you, round by round,
With a host of friends.
Sin and shame and hurt are here,
Failure, vice and care,
But the world at which you sneer
Still is wondrous fair.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

WHO IS visiting us.
HAS DEVELOPED the habit.
THAT CHILDREN have.
WHEN THEY go to bed.
OF THINKING of things.
THEY REALLY should have.
BEFORE IT happens.
THAT THE sandman comes.
AND THEY fall asleep.
AND THE other night.
THIS BOX of ours.
HAD BEEN tucked away.
AND THE LIGHT put out.
AND WE were playing.
AT DOMINOES.
AND ALL was peace.
AS IT never is.
WHEN HE'S awake.
AND HIS voice came out.
OF THE DARKENED room.
AND HE wanted a "drink."
AND HIS mother got in.
AND WE settled back.
TO OUR dominoes.
AND HE called again.
AND WANTED a "tacker."
AND I think he got it.

AND ANYWAY.
HIS MOTHER returned.
AND ONCE again.
OUR DOMINO game.
GOT UNDERWAY.
AND ONCE again.
WE HEARD his voice.
IN URGENT plea.
FOR SOMETHING else.
AND BY that time.
I WAS getting mad.
AND I arose.
AND WENT to him.
AND HE said to me.
"I WANTED mudder."
AND I told him firmly.
IT DIDN'T matter.
WHAT IT was he wanted.
HE MUST quit his hollering
AND GO to sleep.
AND HE said to me.
"I WANTED mudder."
"TO SEND you in."
"So I could tell you."
AND I ask you.
WHAT WOULD you do
WITH A kid like that.



I THANK you.

Horse Must've Heard Doctor.
A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse. "Simply place this powder in a glass pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat." Shortly after the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a very distressed condition. "What's the matter?" asked the veterinary. "I'm dying!" cried the farmer. "The horse blew first."

That Will Come.
A candidate in a country district was getting a firm hold on his electors and was volubly painting in vivid colors the happy life they would lead if he were their member in parliament. "You have not yet got two acres of land each, and a cow, but 'at will come," he cried. "You have not got free homes for old people—but that will come." He passed on to prison reform. "I have had no experience of those institutions," he remarked. "But—" A voice: "But that will come, gov'nor."—London Answers.

A Shell Game.
Mother—Bobby, what did you do with your mischievous in the tramcar? Small Boy—I put 'em in the overcoat pocket of the man I was sittin' beside."



Abe Martin

There's no waste 'a dime's worth o' liver, but 'th' thumb Alvin Bentley, who's workin' in th' postoffice under civil service, says he'd git married if he had a steady job.

MUTT AND JEFF—Yes, Indeed, Old Mutt Has Faced the Music

BY BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS—Spike Speaks the Truth, but He Doesn't Know It

BY CLIFF STERRETT



BARNEY GOOGLE—Barney'd Certainly Like to Ring Down the Curtain

BY BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—Contract This on Your Cornet

BY AL POSEN



CASEY THE COP—In the Right Place All Right

BY H. M. TALBURT

